

1607/5946.

A NEW

COMEDY.

Love At First Sight

IN TWO ACTS.



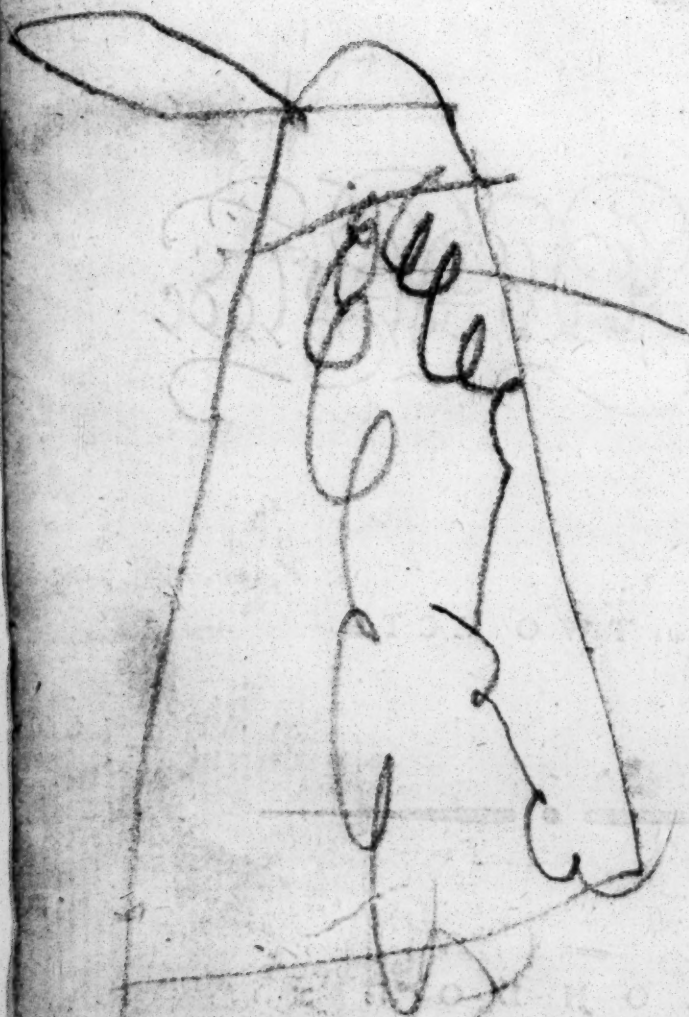
L O N D O N:

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1607/5946.

C O M E D Y



Sir
Sir
Sir
MO
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Dramatis Personæ.

Sir ARCHY MACSARCASM

Sir CALLOGHAN O'BRALAGHAN

Sir THEODORE GOODCHILD

MORDECAI

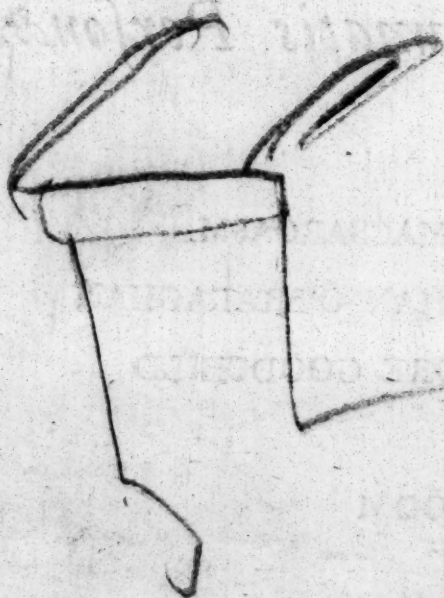
SQUIRE GROOM

LAWYER

SERVANT

CHARLOTTE

cccc





LOVE A-L A-M O D E:

C O M E D Y.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Sir Theodore and Charlotte:

Sir Theo. **W**HAT will the world say of me, but that I was a very prudent man?

Charl. The World! the world will applaud you, especially when they know what sort of lovers they are, and that the sole motive of their affection is the Ladies fortune. No poor girl sure was ever plagued with such a brood as I am. — The first upon my list is a high minded North-british Knight, who sets up for a wit, a man of learning and sentiment: He bears himself fair while you are present, but abuses the whole world when their backs are turn'd, and withal, has so high a notion of the dignity of his family, that he would, no doubt, think he laid me under a great obligation, in honouring me with his hand. — The second is a downright idiot, a fluttering, frivolous thing, well known in most public places by the name of Beau Mordecai, an English Jew. — The next in Cupid's train, is your Nephew, whose Irish voice and military aspect, make me fancy that he was not only born in a siege, but that Belona alone cou'd be his nurse, Mars his preceptor, and the camp the academy where he receiv'd the first rudiments of his education.

Sir Theo. My dear Charlotte, you should not be so severe upon my Nephew; what can you expect from a mere rough hewn soldier, who must needs go from his

friends a volunteer, and has lived these several years within the circuit of a camp ; so that I don't believe he has six ideas distinct from his profession.

Charl. Let me see his name is —

Sir Theo. Sir Callogan O'Brallagan.

Charl. Sir Callaghan O'Brallagan! It is enough to choak me,—If I have him I must have an Irish interpreter to make me understand what he says.

Sir Theo. Well I must go and see about your suit ; the coach waits.—They all dine here I think ?

Charl. All but Squire Groom, and he is to ride a match, that, I suppose no charms could persuade him to be absent from,

Sir Theo. Well, make yourself what sport you please with them.—I shall certainly be back to dinner.—

Good-morrow to you my dear

Exit Theo.

Mordecai without) *Sir Theodore*, your servant.—Is Miss Charlotte this way ?

Sir Theo. She is Sir, Good-morrow to you.

Mordecai. You'll dine with us, Sir Theodore,

Sir Theo. Certainly.

Enter Mordecai Singing, P. S.

Mord. Thus, let me pay my softest adoration, and thus, and thus, and thus, in amorous transports breathe my last.

[Kissing her hand.]

Charl. Not so fast Mr Mordecai ; you are very gallant Sir ; and I protest I never saw you better dressed.

Mord. It is well enough Madam, just as my taylor fancies : do you like it !

Charl. Oh ! it is quite elegant ; but, if I mistake not, you are so remarkable for a taste in dress, that you are known all over the City, by the name of the Change-Alley Beau.

Mord. They do distinguish me by that title, but I declare, I have not the vanity to think I deserve it.

Charl. Oh Mr Mordecai ! well remembred. I heard of your amour at the Opera with Miss Sprightly.

Mord. Dear Madam, how can you be so severe ? That the lady has designs, I steadfastly believe ; but as for me—But pray Madam, who told you so ?

Charl. Sir Archy Macfarcaism.

Mord. Oh! what a creature have you nam'd; the very abstract of filth and nastiness; he takes such a quantity of Scotch snuff, that he smells worse than a Tallow Chandlers shop in the dog-days; there is not one word of truth out of five that he says; and he utters his similies with all the gravity imaginable; after the moderate allowance of four bottles of port, three ounces of Scotch snuff, and twelve pipes of tobacco.

Charl. What a character has he drawn of the knight!

Mord. Why Madam, I vow to Gad, he is the daily sport of every coffee-house in town; all his own countrymen of any character constantly avoid him, and Oh, the devil! here he comes.

Sir Archy without.) Sawny, bid Donald bring the chariot at aught o'clock exactly.

Enter Sir Archy.

Mordecai. My dear knight, I am sincerely glad to see you; and have the honour at all times, and upon all occasions, to be your most obedient humble servant.

Sir Archy. What, my child of circumcision, how do you do my bonny Girgisite? Gi'e us a wag o' your lufe lad. Why, ye are as diligent in the service o' your mistress as in the service o' your looking-glass, for your een or your thoughts are ay turn'd upo' the ane or the ither.

Mord. And your wit, I find Sir Archy, like a courtier's tongue, will always retain its usual politeness.

Charl. Civil and witty on both sides, Sir Archy, your servant.

Sir Archy. Ten thousand pardons, Madam, I did not observe you; I hope, I see, your Ladyship weel. Ah! Madam, you lunk like a divinity.—I see friend Mordecai is determin'd to bear awa the prize fra us aw; he is trick'd out in all the colours o' the rainbow.

Charl. Mr Mordecai is always well dress'd, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. Upon my word he is as fine as a fay.—Step alang man, turn you round, and let us see your shape. Ah, he stands very well, vera well indeed. What's this in his hat? a feather! vera elegant, vera elegant, I protest.—I never saw a tooth-drawer better dress'd aw my life.

Mord.

Mord. Upon my word, I am your most humble servant Sir Archy.

Sir Archy, Weel Mordecai, ye hae been whispering your love-sick tale in the lady's lug; do ye ken that she is inclinable to your passion?

Mord. From the conversation I have had with her, I begin to think, that my figure and address, has made an impression upon her.

Sir Archy. Vera weel, that's right, that's right.— I mun ken that your ladyship has been entertain'd vera weel by my friend Mordecai, before I broke in upon you: he's a guid ane at a tale, when the stocks is at one end and the lottery at the ither; ha! ha! ha! But ye maun ken that I hae news for you that canna fail to gie muckle sport,

Charl. What is it pray, Sir Archy?

Sir Archy. Why, ye maun ken that in my way to your Ladyship's mansion, I pick'd up my bonny Hibernian— as fine—upon my honour, as fine as little Mordecai here.

Charl. But you have not left him behind you? I expected him here ere this.

Sir Archy. Left him! ye maun ken that I hae brought him wi' me; for I am like the monarchs of auld, I never travel without my fuil: he is as good as a Comedy or a Farce: but he has made a Jargon, which he stiles a sonnet, upon his bewitching Charlotte; as he calls you madam, he is now altering it, and ye maun expect sic an epistle as has na' been pen'd sin' the days of Don Qixote. You have heard him sing it Mordecai.

Mord. I beg your pardon Sir Archy, I have heard him roar it! Egad! we have had him just now madam, at a tavern, and made him give it us in an Irish bowl, that might be heard from here to West Chester.

Sir Archy. Why Mordecai, you have a devilish deal of wit man, ay, that's what ye hae.

Mord. Your most obedient, Sir Archy, I am afraid you flatter me; but I must be going.—Madam, I kiss your hands.

Charl. You are not going to leave us Mr Mordecai!

Mord.

A C O M E D Y.

9

Mord. Only to have a slice of Sir Callaghan before dinner, by way of a whet; that's all madam, only by way of a whet.

Sir Archy. Not a word of the sonnet man?

Mord. Never fear, Sir Archy, never fear.

Exit Mordecai.

Sir Archy. What a fantastical Baboon this little Israelite makes of himself!

Charl. He is very entertaining, Sir Archy.

Sir Archy. The follow's vera ridiculous, and therefore vera usefu' in society, for wharever he gangs there maun be laughter: but, now madam, a word or twa to our ain matters.—Madam, I lovè you, and gin I didna, I wad scorn to say it:—concerning these creatures wha call themselves your lovers, there are three of them about your ladyship's person, as unfit for you as a wandering Arab: and whase sentiments are as wide o' true felicity, as the north and south poles: [Reptiles and beggars, wha can boast of naething, but a knowledge of sic things as wad mak 'um be kend by aw judicious, e'en as the outcasto' the world.] And first, this Mordecai, to be sure the fellow's wealthy; yes he's wealthy, but then a reptile; Madam, he's a reptile! whase common place notions, are o' nae farther extent than Change-alley, or the Coffee-houses, and whase only ideas are cent per cent schemes, stocks, annuities, and south sea bubbles.

Charl. Ay, Sir Archy! you are above such groveling thoughts.—Your ambition is to adorn your mind.

Sir Archy. Then madam, as to squire Groom; to be sure he's a great sportsman, but he's a beggar.—A beggar! and nae doubt but your fortune would be very acceptable.—'Twould enable him to redeem his stead o' horses, put him on his legs again, and according till his ain phrase, he would be bottom, madam, he would be bottom; but in a few years madam, your whole fortune, the wise scraping of your ancestors, would be wantonly squandered away upon cock-fighting, horse-racing, grooms, jockeys, and sic-like spend-thrift amusements; and your ladyship not hae a blanket left to cover you. Then, as to Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan, the fellow's
well

well enough to laugh at; but ye maun look about you there, for your guardian is his uncle; and to my certain knowledge, there is a design upon your fortune in that quarter; depend upon it, there is a design upon your fortune.

Charl. I believe indeed, a lady's fortune is the principal object of every lover.

Sir Archy. I grant ye, madam, wi' Sir Calloghan O'Brallaghan, Squire Groom, and sic-like fallows; but men of honour have ither principles: I assure ye, madam, 'tis not for the pecuniary, but for the divine graces o' your mind, and the mental-perfections of your soul and body, which are more to me than all the riches of Peru and Mexico.

Charl. O Sir Archy!

Sir Archy. Besides, madam, gin ye marry me, ye will marry a man of sobriety and œconomy.—It is true, I am not in the hey-day of my bluid; yet far frae the vale of years, as the poet says.—I am not like the young Whipsters of this age, wha are aw spirits at the first onfer, but gang aff like a squio, or a cracker on a rejoicing night, and are never heard o' mair.—The young men, now a-days, madam, are mere baubles, absolute baubles.

Charl. Now, I think old men, Sir Archy, are but baubles.

Sir Archy. Besides, madam, consider the dignity and antiquity of our family: Madam, in our family there are three Viscounts, four barons, six earls, seven marquisses, and twa dukes: the families of the south arena to be compared to families of the north.—There is as muckle difference as between a hound of blood and a mongrel.

Charl. And, why so sir?

Sir Archy. I'll tell you madam, the nobility of Scotland are aw descended frae renowned warriors, and heroes of glorious atchievements, wha disdain'd to mak alliances, or contaminate their bluid wi' ony that were na' as great as their ain. But here in the south, ye o' the south, ye are aw sprung frae naething in the world,
but

but wool packs, hop sacks, sugar kists, tar barrels and rum puncheons.

Charl. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir Archy. What gars you laugh, madam?

Charl. The opinion you have of our nobility.

Sir Archy. Guid troth, madam, its true: aw we families of the north are of another kidney than ye o' the south. We are of another kidney quite: we disdain a mixture of bluid, that is na' as pure as our ain. Whereas, here, ye are a strange amphibious breed, being a composition of Turks, Jews, Nabobs and Refugees.

Charl. We are indeed, a strange mixture, *Sir Archy.*

Sir Archy. Vera true, vera true, my family is a family of rank and consequence; which, if ye marry into, will purify your blood, and refine it frae the lees, and draps of trade, with which it is contaminated: which your money cannot do for you, were it as meikle as the bank of Edinburgh.

Enter Mordecai,

Mord. *Sir Archy,* he is just without, he is coming.

Sir Calloghan without]. Is the lady this way, do you say young man?

Servant. She is Sir,

Sir Call. Then, I'll trouble you with no farther ceremony. [*Enters.*] Madam I am your most obedient humble servant.

Charl. I am very sorry to hear we shall soon be depriv'd of your company, *Sir Calloghan,* I thought the war in Germany had been all over.

Sir Call. Yes, madam, it was all over, but it began again: a soldier never lives in quiet, till he has nothing to do; then he quits the field with more safety

Sir Archy. The lady was just saying, she would be glad if you would favour her with a slight narrative of what happen'd in Germany.

Sir Call. Pray, madam, don't ax me; I am afraid it would look like gasconading in me; and I will assure you there is no such thing in nature, as giving a description of a fiery battle; for there is so much done every where, that no body knows what is done any where, *Then,*
there

there is such drumming and trumpeting, and such delightful confusion altogether, that you can no more give an account of it, than you can of the stars in the sky.

Sir Archy. It is a vera good account he gives of it, (*aside, to Mordecai*) Let us smoke him, and see if we can get a little fun with him,—Try if he will give you some account of the battle,

Mord. Pray, Sir Calloghan, how many might you kill in any one battle you have been at?

Sir Call. (*starting*) I'll tell you, I generally kill more in a battle than a coward would chuse to look upon, or than an impertinent fellow would be able to eat. Are you answer'd Mr Mordecai?

Sir Archy. You was devilish sharp upon him, faith.

Mord. Wasn't I?

Sir Archy. Yes, but have another cut at him.—The Israelite will bring himself intil a damn'd scrap, [*Aside.*

Mord. Sir Calloghan, give me leave to tell you, if I was a general——

Sir Call. A general! upon my soul, and you would make a fine general.—Oh! madam, look upon the general—Mr Mordecai, do not look upon being a general as so light a matter. It is a very difficult trade to learn, to be able to rejoice, with danger on the one side, and death on the other; and a great many more things, that you know no more of than I do of being high priest to a synagogue, so hold your tongue, my dear Mr Mordecai, about that and go mind your Cent per Cent and your lottery tickets in Change-Alley.

Sir Archy. A'ha! ha! By the Lord, he has tickled up the Israelite; he has given it to the Moabite on baith sides o' the head.

Charl. But you have been frequently in danger sir.

Sir Call. Danger, madam, is the soldiers profession, and death his best reward.

Mord. A bull! a bull! pray, how do you make that out? you say death is the soldiers best reward.

Sir Call. I'll tell you how: a general dead in the field of battle, is a monument of fame, that makes him as much alive as Cæsar, or Alexander, or any dead heroe of

A COMEDY. 13

of them all : and when the History of America comes to be written ; there is your brave young general, that died in the battle before Quebec, will be alive to the end of the world.

Charl. True, Sir Calloghan, the actions of that day will be remember'd while Britain or British gratitude have a name.

Sir Archy. Wha was it did the business at Quebec ? Oh ! the Highlanders bore the bell that day. Had you but seen them with their Andrew Ferraras, how they cut them, and slash'd them about : they did the business, and gain'd immortal fame upon the spot.

Sir Call. Sir Archy, give me your hand : I assure you, your countrymen are brave soldiers ; and so are mine too.

Charl. I think I hear Sir Theodore's coach stop.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, Sir Theodore waits for you, and dinner is almost ready. [Exit.

Mrsd. Madam, will you honour me with the tip of your wedding finger — Adieu, Sir Calloghan. — Sir Archy, your servant. — Adieu, Sir Calloghan.

[Exeunt Charlotte and Mordecai.]

Sir Call. A very impudent fellow this, Mr Mordecai : if it had not been for the Lady, I would have been a little upon the Cavee with him.

Sir Archy. Because the rascal has been let into our company at Bath, he intrudes upon you wherever you go : but have you written the letter to the lady ?

Sir Call. Faith I have not ! for I thought it would not be right to make my addresses to the lady, till I had made my affections known to her guardian ; so I have indited the letter to him.

Sir Archy. That's right, that's right, for so as ye do but write, it matters not to whom. — But where is it ?

Sir Call. Here it is,

Sir Archy. I warrant 'tis a bonny epistle.

Sir Call. Reads] " SIR, As I have the honour to
" bear the character of a soldier, and to call Sir Theo-
" dore Goodchild uncle, I do not think it would be
" consistent

‘ for a man of honour, to behave like a scoundrel’ t
 ‘ Sir *Archy*. That’s an excellent remark; an excellent remark, and vera new.

Sir *Call*. “ Therefore I thought proper before I proceeded any further, (for I have done nothing as yet) to open my mind to you before I gain the affections of the lady.” You see Sir *Archy*, I was for carrying on my approaches like a soldier, A-la-militaire, as we say abroad.—“ You are sensible my family is as old as any in the three kingdoms, and older too; I shall therefore come to the point at once.”—You see I have given him a little rub by way of a hint about our family, because Sir *Theodore* is a bit of a relation by the mother’s-side, only which is a little upstart family, that came in with one strong bow t’ other day, not above six or seven hundred years ago: Now my father’s family are all related to the O’Strickeffes, the O’Cannakans, the O’Calloghans, and I myself am an O’Bralaghan, which is the oldest of them all.

Sir *Archy*. Yes Sir, I beleive ye are of a very ancient family, but ye’re out in ae point.

Sir *Call*. What’s that, Sir *Archy*?

Sir *Archy*. Why sir, where ye said, ye was as auld as ony family in the three kingdoms.

Sir *Call*. Why then, I said no more than is true, Sir *Archy*.

Sir *Archy*. Hout awa’ man, ye dinna consider the families o’ the north; ye of Hibernia, are as low as the bushy bramble, wha took refuge frae a’ corners in that wild spot where ye liv’d, pen’d up like a set of outcasts, and as such, you remain until this hour.

Sir *Call*. I beg your pardon, Sir *Archy*, that’s the Scotch account which never speaks truth because it is partial; but the Irish account, which must be true, because it was written by one of my own family, says, the Scotch are all Irishmens bastards.

Sir *Archy*. Bastards! what, do ye make us illegitimate,—illegitimate, Sir?

Sir *Call*. Why, little *Ference Flaerty O’Bralaghan* was the man who went over from Carrickfergus, and peopled all Scotland with his own hands,

Sir

Sir *Archy*. Sir Calloghan, tho' your ignorance and vanity would make ravishers of your ancestors, and harlots, and sabines of our mothers, yet ye shall find in me—

Sir *Call*. Harkee, Sir Archy, what was that you said just now about ignorance and vanity?

Sir *Archy*. Sir I denounce you baith ignorant and vain, and mak your maist o'd.

Sir *Call*. Faith I can make nothing at all of it, because they are not words that a gentleman is us'd to; therefore you must unsay them again.

Sir *Archy*. How sir, eat my words, a North Britain eat his words!

Sir *Call*. By my soul you must, and that immediately.

Sir *Archy*. Sir, you shall eat a piece of my weapon first. (*Draws*)

Sir *Call*. Put up for shame, Sir Archy: Consider drawing a sword is a very serious piece of business, and should be done in private.

Sir *Archy*. Defend yourself, for by the sacred Cross of St Andrew, I'll have satisfaction for making us illegitimate.

Sir *Call*. Now, by the Cross of St Patrick, you are a very foolish man, but if you have a mind for a little of that sport come away to the right spot.

Sir *Archy*. No equivocation sir; dinna think you have gotten Beaux Mordecai to cope with.

Sir *Call*. Come on then for the honour of the sod, Oh! you are as welcome as the flowers in May. (*they fight*)

Enter Charlotte.

Charl. For heaven's sake what's the matter? what is all this about?

Sir *Call*. It is about Sir Archy's great-grand-mother, madam,

Carl. Sir Archy's great-grand-mother!

Sir *Archy*. Madam, he has cast an affront upon a hail nation.

Sir *Call*. I am sure if I did, it was more than I intended: it was only to prove the antiquity of my family.

Charl. Pray, let me make peace between you.

Sir *Archy*. Sir, as ye say, ye didna intend the affront I am satisfied.

16 LOVE A-LA-MODE:

Sir Call. Sir Archy, there are two things I am always afraid of; the one is of being affronted myself, and the other, of affronting any man.

Charl. A very generous disposition, Sir Calloghan, but I hope this affair is over.

Sir Archy. I am satisfied, madam, but let me tell you Sir Calloghan as a friend, as a friend man, you should never enter into disputes about history, literature or antiquity of families, for you have got such a cursed wicked jargon upon your tongue—

Sir Call. Oh I beg your pardon, Sir Archy, 'tis you have got such a damn'd twist of Scotch brogue, that you don't understand good English when I speak it.

Sir Archy. Very weel, very weel, but you are out again, for every body kens that I speak the south country dialect sae weel, that wharever I gang I am always taken for an Englishman—but we'll appeal to the lady which of us twa has the brogue.

Sir Call. With all my heart.—Pray madam, have I the brogue?

Charl. No sir.

Sir Call. I am sure I never could perceive it.

Charl. Neither have a brogue, neither, you both speak very good English.—But come, dinner waits, gentlemen.

Sir Call. We'll follow you, madam.

Charl. Pray don't be long.

(Exit Charl.)

Sir Archy. Weel, now dinna gie o'er the design of the letter.

Sir Call. Sir Archy, never fear me, for as the old song goes,

You never did hear
Of an Irishman's fear,
In love or in battle,
In love or in battel,
We're always on duty,
And ready for beauty;
Tho' cannons do rattle,
Tho' cannons do rattle.

By day and by night,
 We love, and we fight;
 We're honour's defenders,
 We're honour's defenders;
 The foe and the fair,
 We always take care
 To make them surrender,
 To make them surrender. [Exeunt,

END of the FIRST ACT.



A C T II.

Enter Sir Archy and Charlotte.

Sir Archy. WAUNS madam! step intil us for a few minutes; you will crack your sides with laughing.—We hae gotten anither fool, come to divert us unexpectedly; which, I think the highest fool that the age has produced.

Charl. Who is it you mean *Sir Archy*?

Sir Archy. Squire Groom, madam, the finest you ever beheld; in little boots half up his leg, a cap, his jockey-dress, and a' his pontificalibus, just as he rode his match yesterday in York. Antiquity in a' its records of Greek and Roman folly, never produced a Senator visiting his mistress in so compleat a fool's garb.

Mord. This is some new stroke of humours.

Enter Mordecai.

Mord. Ha! ha! I shall burst; I have left the Irishman and Squire Groom at a challenge.

Charl. I hope not.

Sir Archy. Ha! ha! that is guid, that is guid; I thought it would come to action! ha! ha! that's clear: we sal hae ane o' them pink'd.

Mord. O madam, the challenge need not terrify you: 'tis only in half-pints of claret to your ladyships health.

Charl. Lord! Mr Mordecai, how can you startle one so?

Sir Archy. I am very sorry for that; guid troth I was in hopes they had a mind to show their prowess before the lady, their mistress: or that we should hae a little Irish or New-market blood-spilt. But what was the cause of the challenge, madam,

Mord. Why, their passion for this lady, till the dispute rising high, they determined to decide it in a cascade of claret.

Charl. Oh, I am afraid they will kill themselves!

Sir Archy. Never fear, madam, noughts never in danger.

Mord. Look, look, the Champion comes.

Enter Squire Groom.

Groom. Hoicks, hoicks,—hark, forewards my little princess! foreward, foreward! hoicks—heugh, madam, I beg of million of pardons for not being with you at dinner; it was not my fault, 'pon honour.—I sat up all night, and propos'd to set out betimes; but about eleven o'clock last night, at York—we were all damn'd jolly, and tofs'd off fix flasks of Burgundy a-piece. But, that Booby, Sir Rodger Bumper borrowed my stop watch to see his by it.—Here it is, look at it, madam, it corrects the fun; they all go by it, madam, at New-market; and so, madam, as I was telling you—the drunken block-head put mine back two hours o' purpose to deceive me; so otherways it was fifty to one, I could have been here to show a second.

Charl. Pray sir, What is the meaning of this extraordinary dress?

Groom. Not a peer in England could have one more tasty, the true turf taste; you must know, madam, I rode my match in this very dress yesterday, and Jack Buck, Roger Bumper, Frank Fudge and a few more of them laid me a hundred each, that I would not ride to London and visit you in it, madam, ha! ha! but I've taken them all in, damme; ha! han't I, madam.

Charl.

Charl. Pray, what time do you take to ride from York to London?

Groom. Ha! time, madam; why, bar a neck, a leg, or an arm, sixteen hours, seven minutes, and thirtytwo seconds, sometimes three or four seconds under, that is, to the Stones, not to my own house.

Sir Archy. No, no, not till your own house, that would be too much.

Groom. No, no, only to the Stones end; but then I have my own Hacks, that are all steel to the bottom—all blood-stickers and lappers every such of them, my dear; that will come through if they have but one leg out of the four. I never keep any thing, madam, that is not bottom—Game, game, to the last! Game, ay, ay, you'll find every thing that belongs to me game!

Sir Archy. Weel said, Squire Groom, Yes, yes, he is game to the bottom, he is game, madam.—There, walk about man and shaw us your shapes; what a fine figure, and has sae good an understanding that 'tis a pity, he ever should do any thing but ride horse-races.—What a fool, don't you think he is a curfed ideot. (*aside to Mord.*)

Mord. Well enough for a country Squire.

Groom. Well, madam, which of us must be the happy man? madam, you know I love you—you know I do: may I never cross Jostle if I don't.

Charl. Oh Sir, I see your passion in your eyes.

Sir Archy. Weel, but Squire you have given us no account how your match went.

Charl. What was your match, sir!

Groom. Our subscription and our sweepstakes.—There are seven of us, madam, Jack Buck, Lord Brainless, Bob Rattle. You know Bob, madam?—Bob's a damn'd honest fellow. Sir Harry Idle, Dick Riot, Sir Rodge Bumper and myself. We put in L. 500 a piece, all to ride ourselves, and to carry my weight—all to carry my weight; the odds at starting, were seven to four against me the field round; and the field ten, fifteen, and twenty to one; for you must know, madam, they thought that they had me at a dead wind; for the thing I was to ride was let down in the back sinews, ha! ha! do you mind me let down in his exercise?

Sir

Sir *Archy*. Ah! that was unlucky.

Groom. Damn'd unlucky! but that, my groom had him gired, and he stood sound; was in fine condition; sleek as your ladyship's skin: We started off score, by Jupiter; and for the first half mile you might have cover'd us all with your under petticoat.—I saw I had them in hand, but your friend Bob, madam, ha! ha! I shall never forget it: Poor Bob's gelding took the rest, flew out of the course and run over two attorneys,—a quack doctor,—a methodist parson,—an excise man, and a little Beau Jew Mordecai, friend, madam, that you us'd to laugh at so immoderately at Bath,—a little dirty thing with a chocolate coloured phiz, just like Mordecai.

Sir *Archy*. There he had the little Girgisite upon the hip.

Groom. The people were in hopes he had killed the lawyers, and were damnably disappointed when they found he had only broke the leg o' the one, and the back of the other.

Charl. Well Sir, pray inform us who won the subscription?

Groom. It lay between me and Dick Riot madam; we were neck and neck for three miles, as hard as we could lay leg to ground, and running every inch, but at the first, I felt for him, found I had the foot—knew my bottom—pull'd up—pretended to dig;—but all Fudge, all Fudge gave the signal to Tom Ticklepurse to lay it on thick: I had the whip hand all the way.—Lay with my nose in the neck under the wind, thus, snug, snug, snug my dear,—had him quite in hand, while Riot was digging and lapping right and left, but it would not do my dear against foot, and bottom, and head.—I let go, darted by him like an arrow—so—within a hundred yards of the distance post. Poor Dick was blown to destruction, knock'd up as stiff as a turnpike, and left me to canter in by myself Madam, and I twitch'd them all round, grip'd the gamblers, broke the blacklegs, for I took all the odds before starting, split me! ha! was'nt I right old Shadrach; ha! took all the odds! took all the odds old dirt colour, [To Mordecai.

Sir *Archy*. Ha! ha! well 'tis wonderful to think at what

A C O M E D Y.

21

what a pitch of excellency our nobility are arriv'd at in the art of sportitg.—I believe we excell a' the nobility of Europe in that science, especially in Jockeyship.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll start a horse, fight a man, hunt a pack of hounds, ride a match or fox chace, drive a set of horses, or hold a toast with any nobleman in the kingdom for a thousand each, and I say done first Damme.

Sir Archy. Ha! ha! the Squires the keenest sportsman in a' Europe madam, there is naething comes amiss to him, madam he is a perfect Nimrod, he hunts a' things from the Flea in the blanket, to the Elephant in the Forrest,—he is at a' a perfect Nimrod—are you not Squire?

Groom. Yes, I am a Nimrod at all, at any thing! Why I ran a snail with His Grace the other day for L. 500—there was nothing in it—won it hollow, quite hollow, half a horns length.

Sir Archy. Half a horns length! ah that was hollow indeed.

Groom. Was it not hollow?

Sir Archy. Oh devilish hollow indeed, Squire Groom—but where is Sir Theodore a' this time?

Groom. Oh! he's with Sir Calloghan, joking him about drinking bumpers with me and his passion for you madam.

Sir Archy. You maun ken Gentlemen, this lady and I have laid a scheme to hae a little sport wi' Sir Calloghan: If you will a' step behin' this screen, I'll gang and fetch him, and you shall hear him mak love as fierce as Alexander, or ony hero in tragedy.

Groom. Sir Archy, I'll be as silent as a hound at fault.

Sir Archy. Then madam, do you retire and come in till him as if you came for the purpose, I'll fetch him in an instant.

Sir Charl. I will be ready Sir Archy. [*Exit Charlotte.*]

Sir Archy. Get you behin' gentlemen—get you behin' [*Exit Sir Archy.*]

Groom. Ay, ay, well squat—never fear, Sir Archy—an Irishman make love. I shall be glad to hear what an Irishman can say when he makes love.—What do you think he'll say, little Shadrach? do you think he'll make love in Irish?

Mord. Hush, hush, Square they are come. [*They retire.*
Enter

Enter Sir Archy and Sir Calloghan.

Sir Archy. Speak bawldly man, ye ken the auld proverb: "Faint heart,

Sir Call. Oh that's true "never won fair lady". But you shall see I will soon bring it to an ecclaireissement.

Sir Archy. Oh that's right man, stick to that. She will be wi' you in a twinkling.—I wish you good success,

Sir Call. I will follow my friend *Sir Archy's* advice, and attack the dear creature with vigour at once.—Upon my conscience she's here in the midst of my soliloquy.

Enter Charlotte.

Charl. *Sir Calloghan* your's; I beg your Pardon, I expected to find the other Gentlemen here.

Sir Call. Dear lady your pardon you easily command, and as I am at war with the force of your charms, and mean to attack you instantly, will beg a truce before I come to action.

Sir Archy. He begins vera weel—he bath got intil the heart of the battle already.

Charl. But I am told *Sir Calloghan* you dedicate some part of your time to the muses.—May I intreat the favour of a song.

Sir Call. Why madam, I own I have been guilty of torturing one of the muses in the shape of a song, and I hope you'll excuse my putting your name to it.

Charl. Upon condition that you will let me hear it.

Sir Call. Oh dear madam, don't ask me, it's a very foolish song,—a mere bagatelle.

Charl. Oh! *Sir Calloghan* I will admit of no excuse.

Sir Call. Well madam since you desire it, you shall have it, were it ten times worse. Tol, de, rol, ral, dol.—I don't know when I shall come at the right side of my voice. Tol, lol, rol.

Sir Archy. Ha! ha! now for it—you shall hear sic a sang as has na been pen'd sin' the days they first clipt the wings of the wild Irish.

Charl. Dear sir, I am quite impatient.

Sir Call. Now madam. I'll tell you before hand—you must not expect fine singing from me as you hear at the Opera, because we Irishmen are not cut out for it like the Italians. [*Sings.*]

Let

Let other men sing of their goddesses bright,
 Who darken the day and and enlighten the night;
 I sing of a woman of such flesh and blood:
 One touch of her fingers would do your heart good.

II.

Ten times in a day to her chamber I come
 To tell her my passion but can't; I'm struck dumb.
 For cupid, he seizes my soul with surprize,
 And my tongue falls asleep at the sight of her eyes.

III.

Her little dog Pompey's my rival I see,
 She kisses and hugs him, but frowns upon me;
 Then pray my dear Charlotte debase not your
 charms,

But instead of your lap dog take me to your arms.

Sir Archy. Come now the fangs o'er let us steal awa'.

Groom. He's a damn'd droll fellow: Instead of your lap-
 dog take me to your arms, ha! ha! ha!

Sir Archy. Hush, softly, dinna let him hear us steal
 off—He's an excellent droll fellow, as guid as a farce or
 comedy—a devilish comical cheel

[*Exeunt Sir Archy, Mordecai and Groom.*]

Charl. But Sir Calloghan, I fear no lady can boast of
 allurements sufficient to make you quirk the army.

Sir Cal. Why madam, when in my very early years,
 my good king was my friend in distress, and now he's in
 war when he wants my assistance, I should be a patroon
 to leave him.

Charl. Why then Sir Calloghan, your servant, war is
 your mistress, and to her charms I resign you.

[*Exit Charlotte.*]

Sir Cal. Upon my conscience I feel very foolish —
 Oh but I will make a general attack, give the coup de
 main, raise the siege, set off for Germany to-morrow
 morning.—I tell her my passion, and take my leave with-
 out saying a word.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Sir Archy and Mordecai,

Mord. Why Sir Archy from what I can at present per-
 ceive, by the dejected looks of Sir Theodore, the lady
 herself, and in short the behaviour of the whole family
 certainly something wrong in their affairs has just hap-
 pened.

Sir

Sir *Archy*. Your conjectures are very right Mr Mordecai—'tis a' over with him—he's an undone beggar, and sae is the girl.

Mord. Sir you astonish me.

Sir *Archy*. 'Tis an unexpected business, but 'tis a fact, I assure you—here he is himself poor devil, how wae he looks!

Enter Sir Theodore and Lawyer.

Sir *Theo.* This unexpected blow from abroad affects me indeed sincerely! what my friend to fail in whom I plac'd such an implicit faith.—Not only to venture my own, but unfortunately my dear girls fortune.—Her misfortunes touch me more than my own; however I will endeavour to bear this shock as well as I can, collect my spirits and break this affair to my poor Charlotte.

[*Exit Sir Theodore and Lawyer.*]

Mord. Fore Gad, this is surprising! Sir Archy what has occasion'd all this?

Sir *Archy*. Faith Mordecai, I dinna ken the particulars; but it seems by the words of Sir Theodore himself, a rich merchant in Holland, his partners and he the—guardian over this lady are both bankrupts, and as the Lawyer there without confirms have fail'd for above L. 100,000 more than they can answer.

Mord. And how does that affect the young lady?

Sir *Archy*. Why sir the greatest part of her fortune it seems was in trade with Sir Theodore.—Besides the suit in chancery for above the L. 40,000 has been determined against her this very day, so that they are a' undone.

Mord. You surprize me Sir Archy, I thought the 40,000 was prov'd clearly in her favour.

Sir *Archy*. O ye dinna ken the law; the law is a sort of hocus pocus that smiles in your face although it pick your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is more use to the professors than the justice of it. Here they come and seemingly in great affection.

Enter Sir Theodore and Charlotte.

Charl. My dear guardian and parent let me call you, for indeed such you have ever been, give not yourself up to grief on my account.

Sir *Theo.* It is only on your account that I can be miserable

rable; and yet for you there is a beam of hope: I think we can with safety rely upon the honour and integrity of Sir Archibald M'Sarcalm, who will marry and snatch you from all misfortunes.

Sir *Archy*. Ginye rely upon me, ye rely upon a broken staff; ye may as well rely upon the philosophers' flane. What! would you marry me to make me a mender of broken fortunes of Citizens; but I will speak till them, and end the dispute at anes.—I am concern'd to see you in this disorder Sir Theodore.

Charl. Oh! Sir Archy if all the vows you ever profess'd and so lavishly bestow'd were real, I am sure this change of fortune will make no alteration in your sentiments of honour. Now let the truth be seen.

Sir *Archy*. Madam I am sorry to be the messenger o' ill news; but a' our connections is at an end. Our house has heard of my connections wi' you—and I have had letters frae six Dukes, five Marquisses, four Earls, three Barons, and other dignitaries o' the family remonstrating, nay expressly prohibiting my contaminating, the blood of the Macfarcafins wi' any thing sprung frae a hoghead or a compring house.—I assure you madam, my passion for you is mighty strong, but I canna bring disgrace upon an honourable family.

Charl. There is no truth, no virtue in man.

Sir *Archy*. Guid troth, nor in woman neither that has nae fortune; here is Mordecai, a wandering Israelite, a vagabond Hebrew, that's a very casualty, sprung frae annuities, bulls, bears, and lottery tickets, and can hae nae family objections.—He is passionatly fond o' you and till this offspring of accident and mammon, I resign my interest in ye.

Mord. I beg your pardon Sir Archy, I beg your pardon, marriage is a thing I have not thoroughly consider'd, and I must take sometime before I can determine upon so inextricable a subject; and I assure you my affairs at present madam, are not in a matrimonical posture.

Charl. I despise both them and you.

Enter Square Groom.

Groom. Haux, haugh, heagh—why what's the matter here? what are we all at fault? is this true Sir Theo-

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dore? Zounds, I hear that you and the filly both run a wrong side the post.

Sir Theo. Squire, this is no time to joke and trifle: On so serious and severely affecting a stroke to make an attempt to disguise our feelings. However, Sir, this is a charming girl, whose virtues deserve a noble fortune; but the loss of it will surely make no abatement in your affections.

Groom. Hark, Sir Theodore, I always make a match agreeable to the speed or age of my cattle, or the weight my things can carry, when I offer'd to match her give and take, the filly was neither piper nor blinker—chest bound nor spavin'd; but I hear now her winds touch'd; if so I would not back her for a shilling.—I'll take her into my stead if you will.—She has a fine forehand—she moves her pasterns well, gets on a good pace, a deal of fashion and some blood, and will do well enough to breed out of; but I won't keep her in training tho', for she can't carry weight sufficient to come thro'; matrimony sir, is a curst long course—devilish heavy and sharp turnings; it won't do—she can't come thro'—no damme she can't come thro'!

Sir Archy. I think Squire, ye judge right in my thoughts—the best thing the lady can do is to snap the Irishman.

Mord. Well observed Sir Archy.

Groom. Ay, ay, Archy has an excellent nose, and hits off a fault as well as any hound I ever follow'd.

Sir Archy. He's sic a luiver as a lady in her circumstances could wish.

Charl. Thou wretch whose sentiments of honour are still more despicable than your sentiments of love. But tho' I am to fortune lost, my mind shall never be guilty of principles of baseness.

Mord. Hush! hush! he's here.

Enter Sir Calloghan.

Sir Archy. What my guid friend, Sir Calloghan, I kiss your hand.—I hae been speaking to the lady in your behalf wi' a' the eloquence I hae—she is enamour'd of your person, and ye are just come in the nick o' time to receive her heart and her hand.

Sir Call. 'Pon my conscience Sir Archy I should be prouder

prouder to receive that lady's hand than a general's staff, or the greatest honour the army could bestow upon me madam.

Sir *Archy*. 'Twou'd be a devilish lucky match for her. — The fellow has a good fortune, is a great block-head and loves her vehemently—three excellent qualities, come, come, madam, true-love is impatient, and despises ceremony—gie him your hand at anes.

Charl. No sir, I cannot impose myself upon Sir Calloghan tho' unworthy of his esteem and destitute of friends and fortune.

Sir *Call*. What means all this?

Sir *Theo*. Why nephew, this lady here my unfortunate ward this morning was possess'd of a legacy, as we thought, fit to make happy the first of families, but by my ill conduct and want of care, her fortune is lost abroad which I had ventured in trade, and the law suit lost at home.—Therefore her virtue not fortune must now be the object of your affections.

Sir *Call*. I assure you sir Theodore I rejoice at her distress—for when she was rich I approach'd her with fear and trembling, because I was not her equal. But now she is poor and has nobody to defend her, I fell something warm about my heart, that tells me I love her better than when I thought she was rich; and if my life and fortune will be of any service to her, she shall command them for ever and ever.

Charl. Generous man!

Sir *Theo*. And will you take her for life?

Sir *Call*. Ay and for death too! which is a great deal longer than life you know.

Sir *Theo*. Then take her sir, and with her an ample fortune—my bankruptcy was entirely feign'd—it was only to try the sincerity of these gentlemen who call themselves lovers.

Lord. How's this?

Croom. A hellish cross upon us flung by heavens—distant'd to damnation.

Sir *Archy*. Gently, gently, whist—he's only taking him in—the bubbles bit.

Sir *Theo*. Why do you now pause, dear nephew? It

WAS

was only a scheme to try the mean, the mercenary, illiberal arts of those who are a disgrace to mankind, their country and themselves.

Sir Call. Why, this is something like what those little jackanapes about town call Humbugging a man.—First, she has no fortune, and then she has a fortune; and then she has no fortune again.

Sir Theo. What I now tell you is a sacred truth. Take her sir, and with her a heart worthy your acceptance—take her as a reward for your disinterested affection.

Sir Call. Take her—the devil take me if I don't.

Charl. And I yield sir to your disposal with unfeigned pleasure.

Sir Call. By the glory of a soldier I had rather be at her foot, than at the head of a regiment—and now she's mine by all the rules of war—I have a right to lay her under contribution, for her kisses are lawful plunder (*kisses her*) O ye are a little tight creature.—'Pon honour her breath is as sweet as the sound of a trumpet.

Groom. Why the knowing ones are all taken in here—stripp'd and double distanc'd.—Zounds the silly has run a crimp upon us.

Mord. Damn it she has jilted us most confoundedly.

Sir Archy. By the cross of St Andrew I'll be reveng'd.—I ken a lad of an honourable family, wha understands the ancient classics in a' perfection.—He is now composing a comedy, and he shall insinuate baith their Characters intil it.

Mord. And I'll write a lampoon, where she shall have an intrigue with a life-guard-man, a grenadier, and an opera-singer.

Groom. I have a hedge yet.—I can't write, but I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll poison her Parrot, kill her Monkey, and cut off her squirrels tail, dammie.

Sir Coll. Harkee gentlemen, I hope you'll ask my leave for all this. If you offer to write any of your nonsensicals; or if you touch a hair of the Parrot's head, or a feather of the Monkey's tail, or a hair of any thing belonging to this lady, I'll be after making a few remarks upon your bodies: Look ye, I have an excellent pen by my side
that



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that is a good critic, and writes a legible hand upon impertinent authors.

Sir *Archy*. Hout awa'! hout awa' man, dinna talk in that idle manner, sir our swords are as sharp and as reasonable as the swords of ither men; but this is naetime sic matters—Ye hae got the lady, and we hae got the w. I am only sorrow for the little Gargasite Beau ecari; for he has bespoken the nuptial chariot and liveries, and my friend Squire Groom I fear is lock'd in wi' the turf; and guid troth I am sorry for the lady, for she has lost being match'd into the great house of the Macfarcafins, which is the greatest loss of a'

Sir *Call*. This is something like the catastrophe of a stage play, where knaves and fools are disappointed.

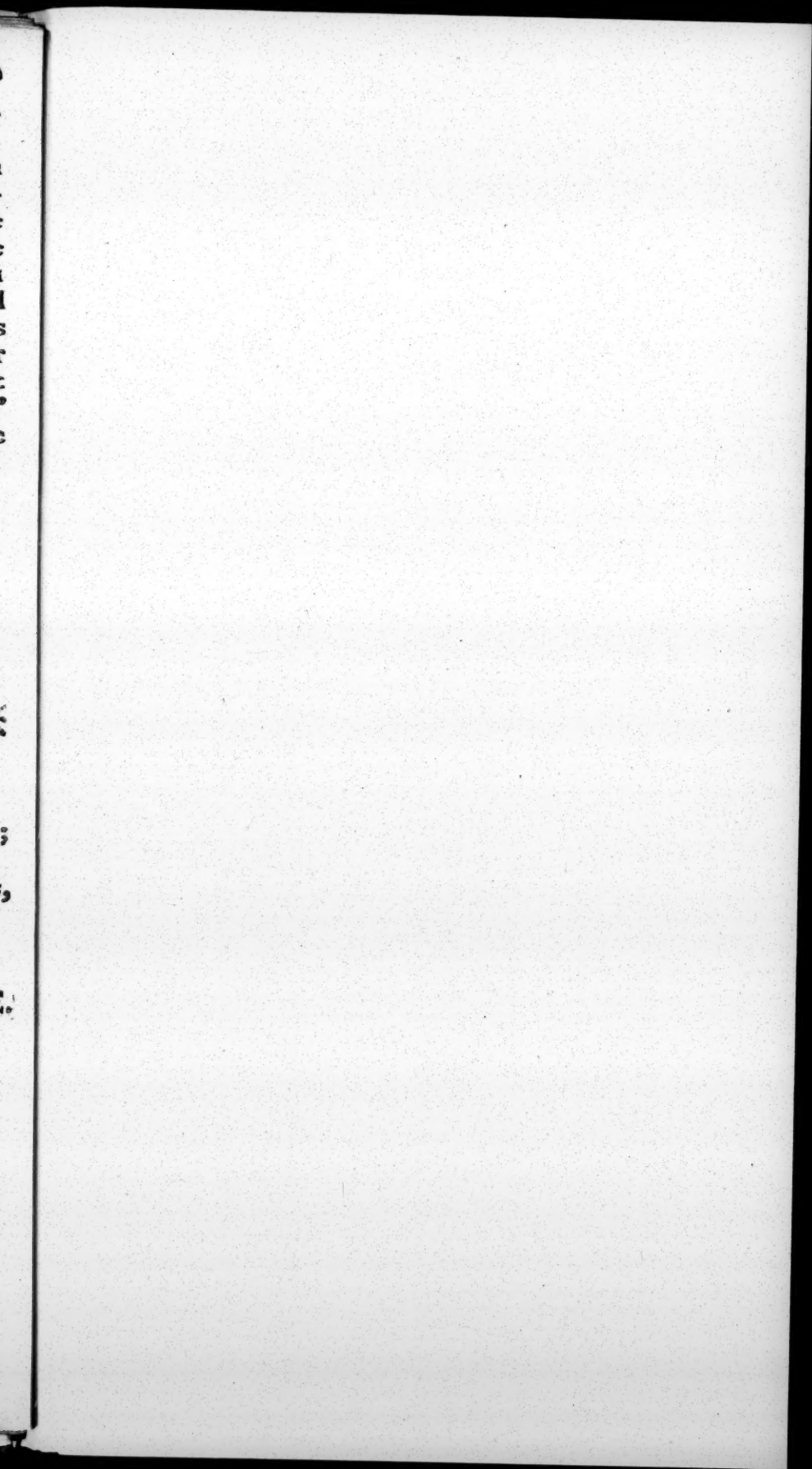
Sir *Theo*. And an honest man rewarded.

F I N I S.



Amongst all the COMEDIES, FARCES, and PLAYS;
There's none of more humour, appear'd in our days,
Nor given such pleasure, at home and abroad;
Like this pleasant COMEDY, LOVE A-LA-MODE.





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